

THE
Unsatisfied
LOVERS.

A
New ENGLISH
NOVEL.

PART. I.

O Formose Paer, Nimium ne crede colori.

LONDON,

Printed for James Partridge, at
the Post-Office, between Charing-
Cross and White-hall,

M DC LXXXIII.

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T1565. U59

THE
LOVERS

A
NEW ENGLISH
NOVEL

PART I.

By George Farquhar, Esq.

LONDON:

Printed for James Parkin, at
the Post-Office, between Green-
wich and Whitehall.

MDC LXXXIII.

But I foretell you know

ing that your Name
T O T H E
(amongst the Judic-

EARL
ous in the World
take notice of these

its Stamp. O
But besides This
Ranelagh, &c.
the same in the

ives, which have rais-
ed me to this
My Lord,

ence: Your Lord-
I Have presum'd to
Publish this No-

to
A 5 **vel**

The Epistle

vel under your Lord-
ships Protection, know-
ing that your Name
(amongst the Judici-
ous renders Authen-
tick whatsoever bears
its Stamp. o

But besides This,
there are other Mo-
tives, which have rai-
sed me to this Confi-
dence: Your Lord-
ship has been pleas'd
to

Dedictory.

to Honour me with
your continued Fa-
vours. And, my Lord,
I hope you will Ac-
cept this Acknowledg-
ment, as a Testimo-
ny how much I owe
your Kindness.

I wou'd be imper-
tinent to swell this De-
dication with an Ac-
count of Your Lord-
ship's eminent Birth
and

The Epistle, &c.

and Qualities; Those
the World already
knows, though it can-
not sufficiently admire:
for which Reason, I
shall be silent; only
adding, That I am, in
all Respects,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most Humble, and most

Obedient Servant,

James Partridge.

THE
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PART I.

FRANCE was never in greater Splendor, than when the Illustrious *Mary*, Queen of *Scotland*, made the fair Additions of her Crown and Person to it, by her Marriage with *Francis*,

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is, Dauphine, and Heir to
Henry the Second, the last King
 that had Issue of the House of
Valois : She was a Princess, that
 ow'd nothing to her Dignity,
 but her Miseries ; for had She
 been Born in the lowest State
 of Life, her Vertues wou'd
 have made her Eminent. She
 was Beautiful in her Person,
 and as well by Nature, as E-
 ducation so refin'dly great, She
 seem'd only born to support the
 Glory of the Greatest Court,
 that ever *Europe* knew : For
 what made her Court the only
 Circle of Wit and Quality,
 was because the Queen was of
 so dissembling, base, and po-
 litick a Nature, and the Princess
Elizabeth (the King's Sister, af-
 terwards

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terwards Dutches of Savoy) so proud, that all those who sought only to divert themselves, shun'd them as much as Respect wou'd give 'em leave.

Amongst the rest that often paid their Duty to the *Dauphine-Queen*, for so they call'd the Queen of Scotland, being Married to the *Daulphine*, was *Madame de St. Maure*, a Woman of a clear and piercing Wit; and so delightfully quick in her Conversation, that every Body was pleas'd in her Company; and tho' at the bottom she was really good, yet she had still the Fate of Wit; which hating to move in the dull common Rode, becomes the Censure of the Ignorant, and Ill

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natur'd. Before she was Fifteen, (e're Love had taught her to distinguish) she was Married by her careful Parents to the *Count de St. Maure*, who was both Handsome, and of a very considerable Fortune, and had certainly made a most excellent Husband to any Woman, that had had less Wit.

As to her Person, she might justly boast of one of the best Shapes that ever was seen; and though she had not in her Face those charming Stroaks of perfect Beauty, yet she had something so agreeable and pleasing, that all the World admir'd her: The Quickness of her Wit, and the little pleasant Satyr, which naturally
fell

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fell in her Discourse, made all those, who were industrious in seeking their Diversions, make her of their Party.

Though Love was Triumphant in almost every Breast, and Gallantry appear'd the greatest Business of the Court, yet *Madam de St. Maure* had still her Thoughts unmov'd with any Passion; her Mind was in a soft Repose, and being secure in peaceful Innocence, she enjoy'd all the Pleasures of Life, without the Pain; till *Monsieur de Chastillon*, (a Cozen of the renown'd Admirals) came to *Paris*, a Man gallant to the last Degree; and though he was extreamly quick, yet he was not eloquent,

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which Nature supply'd another way; for so judicious an Honesty appear'd in all his Words, that they perswaded above the Power of Eloquence. He had not pass'd many Months there, ere he made a Friendship with the young *Count de St. Laurent*, who was one of the nearest both in Service, and Favour, to the *Daulphine-Queen*.

This *Count* was most Adroit in all his Exercises, as having been bred from his Infancy in the best Academies of *France*; and what heightned yet more his Education, was, that his Nearness to the *Daulphine-Queen* gave him the frequent Conversation of all those, who

were.

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were remarkable for Wit and Breeding; which polish'd in to a pleasing Lustre, what the pains of his former Studies had filled into a noble Form. But above all, he was a particular Admirer of *Madame de St. Maure*, and by his often Visits to her, had enter'd into a strict Friendship with her; and one may say, That two of different Sexes were never purer Friends: It was a Stream of Friendship, full and flowing, without the least Violence, or Rapidness of an unjust Desire; which gave him occasion to carry his new Friend *Chastillon*, to visit her: She not being well, they made the first Visit but short, though long enough to raise in

next

B. 4

Cha

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Chastillon's Mind Ideas, that he had never found before : Something appear'd to him in her Conversation, far above the rest of her Sex. In fine, he was so charm'd with her Wit, that His Soul seem'd to be born upon her Flights, of Thoughts to Heaven. She being not a little pleas'd with the Sincerity and Freedom which she found in him, desir'd the *Count St. Laurans* to bring him often thither ; which the *Count* perform'd every day, all the time of her Indisposition. These frequent Visits rais'd *Chastillon's* Admiration into a violent Passion ; he now cou'd find no Quiet when from her ; Heaven seem'd to appear, when

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when he beheld her; and Hell when he parted from her. But that severe Modesty, which govern'd all her Actions, shew'd him no other Prospect but Despair; yet Love being too strong to yield, his Soul was labouring under the weight of the two most furious Passions, *Despair* and *Love*.

He never fail'd the Court of the *Daulphin Queen*, where *Madame de St. Maure* was constant, receiving continual Favours from that excellent Princess. He sought all Opportunity, by which he might (unminded) speak to her; and she, who was not a little pleas'd with his Discourse, (though as yet, not approach-

TO *The Unsatisfied*

ing any thing of Love,) never deny'd him any. But he was, as yet, Alas, so young a Proficient in that Art, that his Despair so far over-rul'd him, that it made him in Silence suffer as much, as if he had unsuccessfully reveal'd his Passion. But *Love* is of so subtle a Nature, that every Motion, every Look betrays it. When e're they spoke of *Love*, (the common Theam of Courts) in spite of himself, pressed by the abundance of his Mind, he wou'd infer the Pain of *Secret Love*; and least she shou'd suspect, he wou'd confirm what he had said, by instanting some of the Court, that lay under that unhappy Circum-

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cumstance. But in vain he strove to hide it; for well she saw, his Words, in spite of all his Art, bore still a Tincture of the distracted Mind, from whence they sprung: At which, she was not at all uneasy; for there are few Women, but Love a Conquest, when it tends not to the Ruin of their Honours; and she believ'd, that he wou'd never reveal his Passion, and so it wou'd be no great Detriment to her's: Besides, she liked him well enough, to think the Victory well worth the Pains. But his Passion was grown too violent, to remain unseen; for the whole Frame of his Nature was alter'd; his Conversation,
which

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which before was steady and judicious, now was nothing but a rapsody of unchain'd Words: He, who had lov'd a general Converse, and free Acquaintance, now pass'd the greatest Part of his uneasy Hours alone, in his Closet.

Which wonderfull Change the *Count de St. Laurans* soon perceiv'd; and one Day, finding him so alone, pressed Him by all the Power of Friendship, to tell him from whence it proceeded: At first he answered him, That it only was an Indisposition of the Body, and that the Spleen was really the reason of his being so. But the *Count*, knowing the Spleen to be a Distemper incident to so many

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many People, thought that there needed not so much pain to tell it, if that had been all; and from thence concluded, it was but a feign'd Excuse, to conceal some weighty Truth; which made him press him still more violently, till, at length, Chastillon (leaning his Head up on the Count's Shoulder) said; *Oh my Friend! Sure thou didst conspire against my Quiet, when thou carriedst me to that inevitable Beauty, that no Man sees unmov'd; to her, who is so Heavenly Bright, none can behold and Live. Ah! press me no farther; but let me in Silence and despair, end my unhappy Life.*

The

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The Count, who immediately knew at what his Words directed, was much surprized to see his Passion (in so little a time) grown to that Prodigious Height; but since it was so, he thought it best, with all Care, to endeavour to divert it. *You have been too blame,* (said he) *to yield so far to the false Insinuations of Love, which had you taken sooner, like tender Plants, you might have torn up by the Roots; but now it is grown so strong, that it requires Time, and Labour, to hew it down; a long and painful Absence, with all the Force of Resolution. Talk not of Absence, without Death* (reply'd Chastillon) *for I find, when I am but one Day without seeing*

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seeing her, Nature moves weakly in me, and I deckine like to that Flower, which bends its feeble Head when the Sun sets, but is reviv'd again by his Morning Beams: Besides I have no Power to quit her; for all my Faculties deny Obedience to my Reason, and bend towards Her their proper Center. If I beheld (answer'd the Count) but the least Prospect of Satisfaction for you, I should offer you all my Power to serve you; but since I do not, pardon me, if I tell you, No Man (but you) e're ran upon so plain a Ruine: Therefore, I do conjure you, for your own Quiet, re-assume your Reason, to overcome a Passion that will never let you rest. Think but how much it is below
OT the

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the Free, and Noble Nature of a Man, to be subject to the Weakness of a Woman; and then cast her from thee, as a Thing not worth so many Sighs. Ah! Friend, (answer'd Chastillon) they talk but ill of Love, that never felt it; Do you believe, I wear my Passion as I do my Cloaths, that if I find it uneasy, I can cast it off without Trouble. You much mistake; for as soon as Love enters into a Heart, he becomes Absolute Monarch o're the Mind, and sits in Triumph upon every Thought. But to shew you how kindly I receive your Advice, I promise you to use all Means, that I think may help my Cure.

To

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To shew him, that he intended what he said, he went that Night abroad with him to a Ball, that the Duke of *Guise* gave the *King*. Certainly, there never was a more Magnificent Entertainment; the prodigious Number of Flambeaus set in every Window of the Streets, through which the *King* passed, made them appear more Bright, than in the clearest Day: Nor was it in any thing less great, within the House; for besides the wonderful Quantity of the Richest Plate, and Furniture, the Tables were filled with all the delicate Meats, that the most industrious Epicure cou'd prepare. And to add to this,
there

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there was all the Glory of the Court, both Men and Women, dressed with all the Advantage, that Cost and Pain could give them. The Count went Home, and dressed himself for the Ball; but for *Chastillon*, his Mind was too much imploy'd on other things, to regard his Dressing. No sooner were they enter'd, and had pay'd their Duty to the King, and Queen, and the Rest, to whom they ow'd it; but *Chastillon* began to look impatiently about, to see if *Madam de St. Maure* was there; but hearing that the Night before she had taken cold, and therefore durst not stir abroad, he soon grew weary of the Place; and all that

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that Pomp and Show, (which but some few Weeks before, would have given him vast Delight) had now quite lost their value; for she not being there, he beheld all the Glory of the Court, with such a dull indifference, that he soon grew weary of it, and Stole away; and immediately sent to seek out the best Musick he could find, both of Voices and Instruments, (for he was now resolv'd to give a Serenade to *Madam de St. Maure*) so weak are Lover's Resolutions, and so soon he had forgot the promises he made to the *Count de Laurans*, and having Muster'd up his Troop of Musicians, he commanded them to play at the

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the end of the Street, nigh her
House. No sooner had they
began, but she immediately
imagined to whom they were
Addressed, and by whom: But
when she heard this Song, she
thought her self confirmed be-
yond all doubt.

SONG.

NO more, fond Love, thy
Torments I despise,
For it is better much to Dye,
Than to Reveal
A Passion, which I ought for to
(conceal)
I ra-

II.

*I rather to the Grave my Pain
 (will bear,
 Without one Sigh, than injure
 (her ;
 So shall I prove
 The truest Martyr, that e're
 (Dy'd for Love.*

The Count de St. Maure
 (though no way suspecting his
 Wife, yet) was naturally jea-
 lous ; which gave him a Cu-
 riosity to see to whom this Se-
 ranade was directed ; which
 made him go down to in-
 form himself. Now the Count
 St. Laurans, having missed
 Chastillon at the Ball, pursued
 him

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him, as being unwilling to have him alone; when, passing through the Street, and hearing the Noise of Musick, he bad his Coach drive up towards it; where he found his Friend *Chastillon* at the Head of the Consort. This Rashness vext him to the Soul; for he was afraid, lest it might make the *Count de St. Maure* (whom he knew suspicious) observe *Chastillon* more narrowly hereafter, whose Passion he knew was grown to that height, that a Thousand Things would betray it every moment to any curious Eye; and he knew, if her Husband perceived the least Appearance of it, that the most favourable Consequences

Consequences would be Domestic Uneasinesses; which made him not stay long in his Coach, but alighting, told them all to *Chastillon*; who, at the Thought that his Indiscretion might be prejudicial to her he loved, stood like a Stone unmov'd, not knowing what to answer. Just in this Interim came down the *Count de St. Maure*, and seeing the *Count de St. Laurans* in the midst of the Serenade, asked him concerning it; who answered, That *Monsieur Chastillon* gave it to a young Lady, his Neighbour, whom he had a Design to make his Addressee to hereafter, in the Honourable way of Marriage. The *Count* smiled, and took this

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for a full Answer, and promised *Chastillon* all his power to serve him, if he would make him his Confident: And then forced them into his House, almost whether they would or no, and carried them up to his Wife, who not being well, kept her Bed that day. He told her, as soon as ever he entered, all that the *Count de St. Laurans* had told him concerning the Serenade. But when she heard him talk of Marriage, she began to suspect, that she had been mistaken all this while, and that what she took for Love to Her, had been directed to some Other; which gave her a certain pain, that she knew not how to Name;
for

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for it was not Jealousie, she thought, because (as yet) she had not found any Appearances of Love.

It is (says she) a dangerous thing, that Monsieur de Chastillon is going to undertake, and few consider it, as the most important Moment of their Lives; but every one thinks he shall be Happy, never regarding the many miserable Couples, that are as many Instances to the contrary. But this perhaps may appear ungrateful in me, who have all that the most Happy can enjoy in Marriage.

Madame, (replied St. Laurens) our Holy Divines forewarn
the

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the World of Sin, by the Vices of
Others, if they are not guilty of
any themselves.

Chastillon (who durst not
absolutely deny it, and yet was
loath to have her think it true)
said; Madame, as yet I have
not fixt my Resolution; there-
fore, it may be, it will only end
in a Gallantry: But I am still
obliged to you for your kind Can-
tion; which may make me avoid
many unquiet Hours, that other-
wise might have fallen upon me.

He spoke this with such a
confused Awkwardness, that
the Count de St. Laurus grew
so uneasy, that he abruptly
took his Leave, (pretending he
was

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was to go to the Ball) left the Count St. Maure should perceive it; but went streight home to his own Lodgings, where he made *Chastillon* stay with him all Night.

This doubtful Speech made *Madame de St. Maure* in pain what to judge; but what made her yet more, was the manner that it was spoken in. She began to wish, that his Courtship was made to her self; but yet the Circumstances were too strong, not to believe the contrary; and she found no other way, but to referre to Time the expounding of the Mystery: and in the interim, resolve to be at rest. But, Alas!

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Chastillon's Passion began to grow too violent, to be smother'd: He quickly clear'd her Doubt by a Thousand (as she thought) demonstrative Arguments; and from this little Opposition, she began to swell into a greater Liking of him; insomuch, that she felt a Change in her self every time she only heard his Name, or any thing that concern'd him; which daily grew more and more upon her.

As the Court was never fuller of Illustrious Persons, so was there never more Magnificent Diversions; as Tilts, Turnaments, Running at the Ring, &c. But none was ever more remark-

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remarkably Great, than that at the Marriage of the Duke *D'auvail*, with the Daughter of the Dutcheſs of *Valentinois*: This Duke *D'auvail* was Third Brother to the Duke of *Guise*, whose Father *Claudian*, Younger Brother to the Duke of *Lorraine*, coming into *France* to Possess himself of the Dutchy of *Guise*, had so far insinuated himself into the Favour of *Francis the First*, (the King's Father) that he Established his Family so great in *France*, as to contend even with the Princes of the Blood. He left Three Sons, *Francis* Duke of *Guise*, *Charles* Cardinal of *Lorraine*, and this Duke *D'auvail*; all which became so Eminent, that they

C 3

still

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still encreas'd the mighty Fa-
brick of Greatness, that their
Father had built.

This Family of *Lorraine*,
growing in so small a Time to
that vast height of Power, had
drawn the Envy of all the No-
bility against it; for still, who-
soever increases Greatness, in-
creases Enemies; and especial-
ly, Strangers: So they thought
to confirm themselves more in
the King's Favour, by making
this Alliance with the Dutches
of *Valentinois*, whom the King
had passionately lov'd for a-
bove Twenty Years; and even
on his Death-bed, confest he
Lov'd her still.

The

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The List was set in the great Court of the Louvre; the Galleries, which surrounded it, were all hung with Cloath of Gold; and in the Middle of the largest Square, was plac'd a Canopy of high Imbroide-ry; under which were set the Queen, the Dauphine-Queen, and the Princess Elizabeth; and on each Hand, sat the First of the Nobility.

Surely, never was there a Court that shin'd with a greater Number of Excellent Beauties: For the Queen (*Katherine de Medicis*) as their own Historians report, was so profoundly cunning, that she drew to Court the Farrest of the Kingdom;

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dom; over most of which she gain'd, by vast Temptations, so absolute a Power, as to prostitute themselves to the Chief Ministers, to make her Mistress of all the Secrets of State.

But amongst those, whose Eyes appear'd this Day like so many influencing Stars, to add new Strength and Vigor to the contending Gallantry of the Men, none look'd so fair as *Mademoiselle de Poitiers*, a Cozen (tho' at a distance) of the Dutchess of *Valentinis*. It was the first time she ever appear'd at Court, where she came to be Maid of Honour to the *Dauphine-Queen*. Whether it were the Newnels of her

Beau-

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Beauty, or whether she really deserved it, I know not; but certainly, never Woman had so many Admirers, in so short a time. Though she was low of Stature, yet she had an Air that made her so unexpressibly Beautiful, that nothing but to have seen her, can give a true Idea thereof: Besides, a pleasant, Fantastick Genius, right furnish'd to please at Court, and to insnare Young Adoration.

The First that enter'd the List, was the King himself: His Colours were *Black* and *White*, which he always wore in respect to *Madame de Valentino*, who was a Widow. He was mounted upon a large
C 5
White

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White *Arabian Horse*; so stately a Creature, that he seem'd too proud to carry any thing but a King. His Bit and Stirrups were of Beaten Gold; the Bosses of the Bit, were large Rubies, set round with Diamonds; and, on the Horses Front, was a large Jewel, of all sorts of the Richest Stones; so big, that it almost cover'd all his Fore-head. In the midst of which, the King bore his Device; which was a *Cupid sitting in the Middle of a Circle, holding in his Hand a Flaming Heart*; and over the *Cupid's* Head was writ this Motto, *Ma Flame durera jusque a L'eternite, My Flame will last to Eternity*; (of which a Circle is the Emblem.) The

The Dauphine followed his Father. The Colours which he wore, were White. He was mounted on a large Black Spanish Grey. His Bridle, and his Surrups, were of Silver. He gave for his Device the Kingdom of France; and on one side, a Caput laid down asleep, with his Bow and Arrows broken by him; with this Motto, *C'est toy qui me fait abandonner l'amour*; Tis for Thee I abandon Love.

The next that enter'd, was the Duke of Guise, (for the King of Navarre, and the Prince of Conde, his Brothers, the only Princes of the Blood, were now then in France.) His Colours

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hours were Green. He was mounted on a White Croation Horse; which, according to the Temper, which is particular to Horses of that Country, had naturally Bled himself in many Places of his Body, that his Blood running down, appeared like to many Streakes of Red, mixt with the White. He bore for his Device the Sun; and for his Motto, *Rien que la Gloire*; Nothing but Glory.

After his Brother, enter'd the Bridegroom himself. He rode upon a Milk-white Spanish-Gent. His Colours were Scarlet; which shew'd the Victory he had obtained; as also, it best fitted him: for never was there

Man

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Man known of a fiercer Nature. His Device was a Love shooting Two Hearts with the same Arrow; and the Motto, *En fin nous sommes bien ensembles; At length, we are happy.*

There was many more of great Quality; but should I name them all, 'twould swell too much my Narration: Therefore, I shall only tell you, That the Count St. Leger and Chastillon were both there. The Count rode upon a large Barb-Horse. His Colours were Blue. He bore for his Device, a Cupid with a Fan over his Face, with this Motto, *Je ne veux pas d'un amour qui ne soit commun; I will have no love but you may easily imagine that*

Chastil-

38 The Unfaithful

Chastillon entred the List up-
on a Bay Courser of Naples. His
Colours were *Grediline* and
Fevilemort; which extraordi-
nary Mixture made all People
wonder, but *Madame de St.*
Maure; who soon divin'd, that
he meant by *Grediline*, *Secret*
Love; and by *Fevilemort*, his
Despair. His Device was a *Cu-*
pid shooting at a *Rock*, and all
his Arrows falling broken to the
Ground; and the Motto, *Trop*
dure d'estre penetrer; *Too hard*
to be pierced.

For the aforesaid Reason, I
shall not give you an Account
of each Particular of the Day;
but you may easily imagine
that

that there was never greater Magnanimity shown; for besides their Adroitness, and known Valours, most of them were before their Mistresses. But because it comes within the compass of my Story, it will not be amiss to tell you, That *Chastillon* was so heightned with the Sight of *Madame de St. Maure*, that he appear'd far above himself. Just in the List under her, he unhorsed the Duke of *Guise*, who was not a little concern'd to receive a Repulse from any Body, especially one of that Family. The Count won two Prizes at the Ring; but, Alas! in this Days Adventure, he lost a greater, his Heart; for no sooner had he

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he seen *Mademoiselle de Poitiers*, but there appear'd something so pleasing to him in her, that he had never seen in any Woman, but her self. He gaz'd upon her, and at every Look found something Delightful steal about his Heart; which made his Eyes unwilling ever to quit the Object.

The Morning being thus passed, they all retired Home, to prepare themselves for a Ball at Night; for which there was great Preparations on all sides, every one seeming to vye with each other, who should appear with the greatest Lustre.

The Countess de St. Mairs
liking

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liking to *Chastillon*, was grown daily more and more upon her; and particularly, that Day he behaved himself so gallantly, that something whisper'd in her Soul, what she would have given the World not to have known: But, in spite of herself, it told her, That she loved. She wished a thousand times, he would declare his Passion; but then considering she was Married; a thousand contrary Wishes blotted the former out. At length, (being alone in her Closet) she fell to Prayers, hoping by Supernatural Means to regain her Freedom. But, Alas! her Heart and Tongue too much disagreed, to gain relief that way; for whilst
her

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her Mouth was offering Holy Prayers for Liberty, her contradicting Heart was wishing still to be a Slave. So pleasant were the Chains she wore. At length, almost distracted between Reason and Passion, from the Anguish of her Mind, she burst out into these Words:

Alas! If Love be not a voluntary Motion, but far above our Reason to controul, how can it be a Sin? Come all ye Pious Physicians of the Mind, who with your grave Advice, pretend to lead us to the Paths of Bliss, give me a Balm to cure this Wound; and then I'll say, You are Masters of your Art. But, Oh! you only bid us to be well: And Alas! what Sugar's that to her, who's raging

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*in a Fever, unless you provide
her too the Means to be so?*

Just as she was in the height
of this Exclamation, one knock-
ed at her Door, and told her,
That the Count *St. Laurans*
was without. When having a
little composed her self, she
went out to him. The first thing
he said to her, he asked her,
with an unusual Impatience,
Who that was that sat nigh her?
describing *Mademoiselle de Poi-
tiers*. She immediately told
him; and he frankly reveal'd
to her, That since he saw her,
he found a Change in himself,
and a wonderful Desire to see
her again; and that he was
just going to Court, to try if
he

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he could (by any means) ingratiate himself into the Happiness of her Conversation; to see if her Soul was as rich in Perfections, as her Body; and so he left her to her painful Thoughts.

Chastillon, who all this while was meditating what way to take, to put a period to his Love, resolv'd at length to declare his Love; for his Disease was now grown so desperate, that it was useless to apply moderate Remedies. He found he could not suffer more by her Anger, than he did by his Silence; for that Death would certainly be the Issue of One, and that he had a Chance

ed

to

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to be Happy in the Other.

Upon which Resolution he went straight to Court, to find out *St. Laurans*; with an Intention to tell him his Designe; where he found him entertaining *Mademoiselle de Poitiers*; whom he had found in the Drawing-Room, standing by the Fire, with his Sister *Mademoiselle D'auprés*, another of the Maids to the *Dauphine-Queen*. *Chastillon* entred into the Conversation; and, in a small time, *Madam de St. Maure* came in dress'd for the Ball, with all the Advantages that Cloaths could give to one, who was on all Occasions allow'd the best dress'd Woman of

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of the Court. But, Alas! her Heart was heavy; she had a Weight of Grief hung at it, without the Power to vent it: For had she staid at home, she would have disappointed the King and Queen, who depended upon her for to dance that Night. But though her Soul was all disquiet, her Face betray'd not the least Shew of it: For that Dissimulation, which (they say) is natural to her Sex, only in this was kind to her, that she could command her Looks to be of a quite different Complexion from her Thoughts: But still it mitigated not her inward Pain. And it is one of the greatest Fines Heaven sets upon Greatness, that

LOVERS. 47

that they are often forc'd before the World almost to burst with Secret Grief in silence; when the Vulgar may, unmind'd retire themselves, and by complaining, find some Ease.

The Count had not much time with *Mademoiselle de Poitiers*; for every Body was crowding to admire her. Neither was this first Encounter advantageous to him; for of all the Men of the Court, he lik'd *Chastillon* much the best.

The Ball lasted till it was very late; but as soon as it was done, *Chastillon* went home with the Count; to whom he told his Resolution to declare his

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his Love. The Count replied;
My dearest Friend, and after
 that I need not say, I love you.
 People are apt to judge accord-
 ing to the Event of Things, that
 there are few, to whom we ought
 to give Advice; especially in
 what concerns them so nearly,
 as (you say) this does you. But
 since it would appear unkind in
 me to deny you, I must freely tell
 you, I still advise you to rally
 your scattered Troops, of conquer'd
 Reason, and once more try if
 you can overcome this Rebel Pas-
 sion. But if he be so far Master
 of the Field, that you find all
 your attempts are vain, then ye-
 ver make your Life a Misery;
 but tell her nobly of it, and end
 it as she shall determine.

aid
 As

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As for the First (replyed Cha-
stillon) my Reason is too far di-
stracted, e're to be reclaimed:
Therefore, I will resolve upon the
last, as soon as Fortune will per-
mit me a favourable Moment.

Big with this Resolution, he
took his Leave of the Countess,
who all Night, instead of sound
and undisturbed Sleep, found
nothing but Slumbers hanging
on his Eyes, full of Ideas
proceeding from the bright
Object he had seen that day.

The next day he fail'd not
to go see his Sister Mademoisel-
le Dauphine, where he found
both Madame de St. Maure, and
D Made-

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Mademoiselle de Poitiers; which happy Adventure presently appear'd to him, as a propitious Omen of his future Success. He pass'd most part of that Afternoon with them; and one may imagine, not a little to his Satisfaction. In which time he was industrious to make *Madame de St. Maure*, and *Mademoiselle de Poitiers* have equally a good Opinion of each other. And in this he was so far successful, that in a few days they were seldom seen asunder.

That Evening, the Weather being extreamly fair, they all four went out to walk together: When *Madame de St. Maure*,

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Maure, being earnest in Discourse with *Mademoiselle D'au-*
pre's, walk'd on a little before ;
 and because they would not
 be interrupted, they pass'd in-
 to a By-walk ; the Count and
Mademoiselle de Poitiers fol-
 lowing them at a distance. He
 being of a quite different Tem-
 per from his Friend *Chastillon*,
 soon found his Flame was in-
 creased by her Company, too
 high to be concealed, and the
 Opportunity too fair to be let
 slip ; so resolv'd to tell her his
 Passion : For now the Pleasante-
 ness of her Conversation, as
 well as the Beauty of her Per-
 son, charmed him so, that he
 was no longer Master of him-
 self.

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When she saw them, who went before, go out of the great Walk, she began to complain, that going by themselves, they should lose the Company, which to her was all the Pleasure of the Place.

Madam, (reply'd the Count) You perchance have reason to complain; but for my self, I am too much Heavish, to think of any other Happiness. Pardon me, Madam, that I dare tell you, That I Love you, since it is in vain to hide that Flame, which in few Days would by my Death have been reveal'd, had I still smother'd it in a Painful Silence.

When

and

She

She knew not what to answer him, for she considered, how dangerous it was to enter into so sudden an Engagement with a Man she knew so little; and, on the other side, she was afraid, that if she should repulse him rudely, she should lose a Lover. For as Nature had given her so large a Portion of Beauty, she had given her no less a Share of Vanity; that she was even to that degree Coquette, as to be pleased with the rude Commendations of Foot-men, as she passed out and in. So she only returned him this Answer: *Sir, I confess, your Discourse came most unexpected to me; and as I*

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own my self not insensible of a
 Virtuous and Noble Passion, I
 should be loath to place it on One,
 whose Ingratitude should force
 me afterwards to change it: And
 though you appear too Generous,
 to fall within the compass of this
 Suspicion; yet you must pardon
 the useful Cautions of One un-
 practised in the Art of Love.
 Therefore, I must return you no
 positive Answer, till Time shall
 instruct me, if I ought to hear
 you talk of Love.

The Count, finding there
 was nothing of a despair in
 what she said, was going to
 make her a Thousand Prote-
 stations of the truest Love that
 Tongue ever utter'd, when

Made.

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Mademoiselle D'aupre's, seeing them behind at a distance, call'd 'em to come up; and walk with them. The Count perceiving, that his happy Opportunity was now past, and having no more time, but whilst they overtook the others; said, *May I then Hope? I had you not despair* (said she) *when I told you, That Time would instruct me, if I ought to hear you talk of Love.*

He waited upon them to their Lodgings; and afterward returned home more happy, than the greatest Conqueror on the Night of some important Victory: For he absolutely believ'd, having at

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first so favourable a Treaty, that the Beautiful Fortress would not hold out long. Besides, he thought, few Women of so free and open a Nature, as she was, had Power to withstand the Affiduity of a violent Passion.

(This made him from time to time pursue her, where e're she went: He beheld no Day, that he passed not away most part of its douny Hours in her dear Company. In contradiction to his Nature, he often became Fantastically Childish to please her; and if he could but succeed in that, he car'd not what the World said of him.

He

He went straight, and reported all that had passed to *Madame de St. Maure*: He found her alone at home; for the Disquiet she was in, had made all People so insupportable to her, that she deny'd seeing every Body but himself. No sooner had he told her all that had hapned in the Garden, but she, changing her Face, according to the Dictates of her Mind, which was all Confusion and Disorder, said to him, *Tho' it be contrary to those severe Laws, that Powerful Custome has imposed upon us, to tell our secret Passions, (especially where Loves concern'd) to any of another Sex; yet I*

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dare so far confide in you, as to make you the only Physician of my troubled Thoughts, Oh! St. Laurans, within very few Weeks you knew me placed in the First Degree of Happiness. What interposing Fate, (reply'd the Count) hinders you from being so still? Pardon (said she) these confused Blushes, which wait upon my Shame, when I tell you, That 'tis Love which robs me of my Rest, and banishes from my Mind all thoughts of Quiet; and pity her, who, from the Excess of an unguided Passion, throws the bottom Secrets of her Soul before you, and owns to you, that, tho' she is Married to St. Maure, she Loves your Friend Chantillon to distraction; and,
but

LOVERS. 59

but that I am resolv'd to keep un-
 stained the last Point of Duty,
 or dye a Victim to my Passion, I
 had never let the mighty Secret
 fly from out my Breast. There-
 fore, make not too severe a Com-
 ment, if I have drowned the
 Name of Modesty, in that of
 Friend, in telling you with so
 little scruple of my Love. If you
 should, it would be unkind, since
 it only shews a Confidence I have
 in you, above the rest of the
 World; and few there are com-
 plain of Trust. Madame (an-
 swer'd the Count) have you con-
 sidered? Yes, till I am mad
 (said she); for, Alas! I see my
 Duty placed above Me; and as I
 climb and climb to reach it, Love
 plucks me back again.

Still,

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Still, as she spoke, her words were interrupted by her Tears, and her Breast torn betwixt the different thoughts of *Love* and *Duty*.

The *Count*, who perceived the Inconveniencies, that must arrive to them both from such an *Amour*, apply'd all his Power to break it ; not by advising, nor railing at her *Passion* ; for he knew, that was only *Infant Love*, which could be chid away ; and their's was grown strong enough, to Laugh at all such Remedies : Which made him think on a more violent, though a more dangerous way, and hazard the

LOVERS. 61

the Name of Friend to serve
his Friends.

Madame, (said he) I believe,
you thought I lov'd you well e-
nough, to interest my self in all
your Concerns, when you confi-
ded in me so weighty a Secret.
Therefore, Madame, I must
own my self doubly concern'd in
this; first, That you love at all;
next, That you love a Man, who
to my knowledge loves elsewhere.

At which words, she fell
backwards in her Chair; and,
withall the violence of a distra-
cted Passion, cry'd out, Ob-
ye cruel Stars, do you heap Moun-
tains upon Mountains of Misery,
and all to over-whelm one weak
Woman?

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Woman? Am I then deceiv'd
too?

Then she told the Count,
That she saw plainly by the
Colours Chastillon wore the
Day of the Tilting, and by o-
ther Marks and Signes, that he
was in Love with some Wo-
man, to whom he durst not
declare it; and that she had
been vain enough to think it
was her self.

Madame, (reply'd the Count)
be assur'd, his Addresses proceed
from his belief, that you love
him; and therefore, they are ra-
ther Effects of his Vanity than
Passion.

After

After this the *Count* took his Leave, and went to find *Chastillon*, in order to the carrying on of his Designe, leaving her in a more deplorable Condition, than he found her.

He found him alone, pensive upon a Couch in his Closet, meditating upon the Excellencies of *Madame de St. Maure*. The *Count* sitting himself down by him, began to tell him, That he was sorry to bring him such unpleasing News, which he knew would so much disturb him; but being his Friend, he could not but tell him, That he was just then come from *Madame de St. Maure*;

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Maure; and that he had try'd her always, to see if she had any Inclination for him: But he found all to the contrary.

To which *Chastillon* answered, That no Man could be surprized at an expected Stroke; but that, that should not at all divert him from the Resolution he had taken, of revealing his Passion to her.

They sat together, till it was Court-time; and then went thither, where they found *Madame de St. Maure*. *Chastillon*, failed not watching his Opportunity; and Fortune was quickly so kind, as to give him One. For *Madame de St. Maure*,

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Maure, leaving the Circle, went into the Balcony, pretending to cool her self; for the vast Company, which was at Court that Night, made the Heat almost insupportable. But the real Reason was, That the sight of *Chastillon* had put her into such a Confusion, concerning what the Count had told her, that she was afraid, lest some Body should perceive it. *Chastillon* soon followed her, to see if this would prove a favourable Minute to his Intentions; for his Love was now grown too impatient, to endure delay in any thing, that he thought might advance it. He found her alone, looking over the Balcony; but hearing

66 *The Unsatisfied*

ing some Body behind her, she turn'd about, and seeing who it was, her Disorder increased so much at the sight of him, that, had not the Darknes of the Night covered her, he had soon perceived her Frailty in her Face, inspight of all her Power to hide it. She was confounded, even beyond the Power of Wit to recover; for, lest he should suspect something extraordinary from her not speaking at all, or in the disordered manner, if she did, she catched at the foolish Occasion of a Light she saw in a distant Street, (which was only Straw, that playing Children set on Flame) to pretend to be afrightned, apprehending

ing

LOVERS. 67

ing 'twas a House on Fire : But he, (after he had told her, what he thought it was, and that if it had been what she imagin'd, there would have been more noise in the Streets) said to her ; *Ah, Madame, since you are so much concerned in the Apprehension of a Fire, in which you have no particular Intrest, but only because the poor afflicted Sufferers move your gentle Nature ; I hope, your Pity will extend to me, who bears about me a real Flame, of which your Beauty is the only Cause.*

She returned him no Answer ; but turning short about, passed through the Croud down to her Coach ; and so
 2UOMI
 went

68 *The Unsatisfied*

went Home, in a strange Per-
plexity.

She left *Chastillon* in a deep
Despair: He knew not which
way next to move; for he con-
cluded by her Carriage, that
he had absolutely cast himself,
withour the utmost Verge of
Hope. And now he believed,
he should never see her more,
but with Frowns upon her
Face, which would be to him
as so many Darts of Death;
But still he resolv'd not to de-
sist, till he had her Answer.

The Count, who all this
while lived in a doubtful Hap-
piness, being she he loved had
so little certainty in her Hu-
mour;

LOVERS. 69

mour; for though by all Marks, and Appearances, he had the first place in her Affections; yet still she was so Prodigal of lesser Favours to others, that he knew not whether his Felicity was sure or no! And Love is of so ambitious a nature, that it is never satisfied with possessing the greatest Part, if it sees any unconquer'd behind.

From this new discovery, Mr. Chusilton, who was thinking what way to take next, thought of going to visit Mr. Madam's Gentleman, (with whom by his frequent Visits to her Lady, he became particularly well acquainted) and so it he could find

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find any thing from her, that could direct him which way to take. After much discourse, she confess'd, that of late, she found her Lady much disturb'd, and that often she has over-heard her sigh, and name his Name. But she did believe her too good a Wife, to entertain a kind Opinion of any Man, but her Husband.

conduid b' founo

From this he took new Fire, and resolv'd to try once more his Fortune, believing that his last Repulse might only be an Effect of her Modesty. Besides, the next time he saw her, when he expected to meet her full of Anger, she receiv'd him (having forc'd her Nature to obey) just

LOVERS. 71

just as she us'd to do; thinking by that to make him believe, she did not hear what he said to her in the Balcony. But he constru'd this a quite different way from what she intended; for it only confirm'd what he had heard before; which he believ'd, (the) Council had not been quick-sighted enough, to discern

He sought now all Opportunities, to tell her once more of his Love; which she, perceiving, cunningly (eluded: He seeing of it) and also the strange indifference with which she spoke to him upon all Occasions, (fearce ever seen in those who love, for she never
treated

72 The Unsatisfied

treated him above common Civility) made him begin to suspect, that he might be in a Mistake. But yet, however, he resolv'd to speak to her once more. And with much Pain and Diligence, having found her alone at Home; *Ah, Madam* (said he) *Will you permit me to die, and not cast one Favourable Look upon my Misery, which only proceeds from an Excess of Love for you?*

Sir, (reply'd she, interrupting him) *I should have thought you had heard this sort of Discourse from you; the only bearing whereof is so much contrary to Duty and Honour. But since I believe, your Honour only proceeds from a* *Stom,*

LOVERS. 73

stom, that you Young Men have got amongst you, of paying a Gallantry to some particular Woman. I will pardon you this first Rudeness; but swear, that if ever you use again the like Discourse, never to speak to you more. Believe me what I say; for the Texts of Holy Writ are not more true.

All which she spoke with such a Calmness, that Chastillon was now confirm'd of his Mistake; and she, to prevent what might follow, sent immediately for her Coach to go abroad, keeping still some of her Servants in the Room, till it was made ready.

E

Now,

74 *The Unsatisfied*

Now, none but those, who know the Force of Love, can judge with how much Torment she perform'd this *mighty work*; which we may well call so, since few besides her self could be able to have done it: And certainly, had she kept her Word, (considering the Violence of her Love) her Character might have been writ in the chief Records of Vertue.

Chastillon now began to consider himself, as in a most desperate Disease; which made him think of as desperate Cure, and what would in a little time either bring him Death, or certain Health. Which was, That he would make his Ad-
dresses

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dresses to some other Woman;
 and that if *Madame de St.*
Maure had but the least Spark
 of Love for him, this wou'd
 blow it up into a violent
 Flame: And none he thought
 so fit for this, as *Mademoiselle*
de Poitiers.

The Count having been so
 severe with *Chastillon* about his
 Love, was asham'd to tell him
 of his own: Which made him
 (by Errour) run into a Breach
 of Friendship. He chose her
 to make his False Courtship to,
 first, because she was Beauti-
 ful, and for that reason every
 Body wou'd be the apter to
 believe his pretended Flame to
 be true; next, because he found

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her Coquette enough, to receive his Court: And withal, she having so many Admirers, he might slip himself out of the Crowd when he would, and no body take notice of it.

He lost no time, but went immediately into the Circle, where she was; and having singled her out, he approach'd her with the highest Flights of Gallantry; but never wou'd declare a formal Passion, lest his Honour might suffer, when he shou'd retreat. He took all occasions to be always in her Company; he follow'd her, and sought her from place to place: And she her self was so vain, that she never fail'd making

king

LOVERS. 77

king his Addresſes publick by all poſſible means.

This came quickly to the Ears of the Count, and *Madame de St. Maure* : As for him, whom *Mademoiſelle de Poictiers* had beheld with a quite different Mine, ſince the Approaches of *Chaſtillon*, (for, as was ſaid before, ſhe lik'd *Chaſtillon* better than any body) he reſolv'd not to make a Breach of Friendſhip for ſo light a Miſtreſs, till he had try'd all the Remedies that Reaſon ſhould inſtruct him, to cure his Love.

Madame de St. Maure conceiv'd now, that all was true, which the Count had told her;

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and so look'd upon her self, as the most Miserable of Women : For now the Shock appear'd too great to be withstood ; and she fear'd the Violence of her Mind wou'd not only expose her to her Husband, but to all the World besides. She had a Thousand different Thoughts, which way to take ; and, at length, she concluded, that if the Count (her Husband) came to perceive any thing of it, she wou'd freely confess it all to him ; and, as the last Proof of her Duty, offer him to leave the Court, and retire with him, and never see *Chastillon* more : To shew him, that tho' she cou'd not command her Affections, yet she cou'd her Actions.

But

LOVERS. 79

But Fortune was kind to her, and sent a favourable War to her Relief: For *Philip the Second*, King of *Spain*, having raised a great Army in *Flanders*, with an intent to enter *France*, the Count *de St. Maure* was forc'd to retire himself to a Government he had in *Picardy*, where (they said) wou'd be the Seat of the War. She took the Advantage of this lucky Event, and made her Trouble pass to the World under the false colour of his Departing; where she might reasonably believe, he might be in danger. Besides, she took this Pretence to retire her self from Court for some time, in

80 *The Unsatisfied*

hopes that Absence, like cooling Lenitives, might allay the raging of her Fever.

She went to a Country-house she had, about two Leagues distant from *Paris*, upon the same Hill of *St. Cloud*, and about a League from it: It was Master of all the Prospect of that lovely Plain, where the Silver Scene so often spreads its wanton Arms in pleasing Meanders, to embrace the Earth. In the Middle of which is placed the Renown'd City of *Paris*. At the Foot of the Hill, on which the House was seated, the River glided gently by, and the Descent from the House to it, was only spacious,

LOVERS. 81

cious, and beautiful Gardens. Thither she went, and staid some time; and found her Mind grew much more easie upon the Account of *Chastillon*: But, Alas! the Fire was only smothered, and not quenched.

The Count *St. Laurans*, who began now to be convinced, that *Mademoiselle de Poitiers* had never had the least spark of Affection for him; but that her Beauty, like an *Ignis Fatuus*, had led him upon the very Brink of Ruine; now resolv'd wisely to shut his Eyes, and be no more seduc'd by that fair, deceitful Leader: But, like a wounded Tyger, he set a Resolution first to summon

82 *The Unsatisfied*

up all his Force, and spend his dying Fury on those, from whom he receiv'd the Wound. Therefore he went straight to her, with an intent to vent the over-flowing of his Breast to her; and after that, to determine Love, or Life.

But as soon as he saw her, Love grew Triumphant, and his Anger melted away, like Wax before the Fire, that he had only Power to say; *Ah, Madame!* Sure 'twas some angry Power, that plac'd your Beauty on the Earth; so infinitely Fair, and yet so Cruel, never was Woman seen before!

*You have no reason to accuse
me*

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me of Cruelty, (said she) but
you Men never fail laying the
Fault on us, when you have a
mind to break off Loving.

By all that's Good, (reply'd
the Count) I love you still so
well, that the least kind Word
you give particularly to me, comes
more welcome, than a Reprieve
to him that only waits the Stroke
of Death. But, Madam, how
you shed your Favours upon O-
thers, while I lie cover'd with
Despair.

When Love (said she) becomes
a Burden, throw it down; I
consent; for I know, 'tis that
you won'd be at: Else, why shou'd
you suspect me?

'Tis

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'Tis beyond Suspicion, that 'tis
Day, when we see the Sun, (reply-
ed the Count) and your receiving
Chastillon's Love, is as Pub-
lick.

No Woman (answers she)
lives without malicious Reports;
and if you are so apt to believe
them now, I shall have a happy
time with you, if I Marry you.
'Tis true, I allow'd your Love;
but in that I did not tell you,
That I wou'd become your Slave.
And this I tell you still; If you
like me, I will permit you to Love
on; but never pretend to govern
my Actions.

And, without hearing him
reply,

reply, away she went; tho' he press'd her very hard, that she would but stay, and hear him speak.

He knew not now what to conclude on; he found his Love was too great a Master on him, to be cast off; for it rather increased, than diminished: And now there was no way left, but to leave it to Time.

He went to visit *Madame de St. Manré*, who he heard was come to *Paris*, to pay her Duty at the Court; and was to return back again the next day in the Morning. She invited the Count to go and dine with her;

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her; for there would be none of the Court left in Town: For the King had invited the Queen, and the rest of the Court, to go, and hunt down a Stag, that was grown Famous for his Age; and afterwards, to dine at *Madrid*, a House of the King's, about a League and half distant from *Paris*; which his Father, *Francis the First*, had built, to evade (by Equivocation) an Oath, that Necessity had oblig'd him to take. For *Charles the Fifth*, Emperour, and King of *Spain*, having taken him Prisoner, set him at Liberty, with this Condition (besides some Ransom he paid) That he should visit *Madrid* (which is the Chief Town

LOVERS. 87

in *Spain*) once every Year. But when he was return'd into his own Country again, he had this House built, and call'd it *Madrid*; and never fail'd going to it once a Year; fancying by this, that he satisfy'd the Duty of his Oath.

As the Count *St. Laurens*, and *Madame de St. Maure* were passing thro' the **Bois* * A Wood, that is called so. *de Bologne*, they perceiv'd at a distance a Man, and a Woman, walking together in a fine Path all alone, leading their Horses in their Hands. They saw by their Dresses, that they were People of Quality; and he appear'd by the Posture of his

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his Body, to be saying to her something above common Discourse: But when, drawing nearer, they perceiv'd it was *Chastillon*, and *Mademoiselle de Poitiers*, it pierc'd them like Daggers to their Hearts.

The King, and all the Court were rode on before, in pursuit of the Stag, which had led them a most toilsome Chace; insomuch that those Ladies, who not being us'd to Hunt, cou'd not indure the Fatigue of the Day, were forc'd to stay, till the Coaches that were behind came up: Amongst which was *Mademoiselle de Poitiers*, who was so weary she cou'd sit no longer on Horseback; and

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and *Chastillon*, to carry on his Design, fail'd not to stay behind to wait upon her.

As soon as the Count, and *Madame de St. Maure* overtook them, *Mademoiselle de Poitiers* thought to have excus'd her being found so alone with *Chastillon*, by telling the Reason of it; which the others took only for an Excuse. As for *Madame de St. Maure*, she kept her Countenance firm: But for the Count, (who had not the power to hide the least thing, that troubled him; but it appear'd as lively in his Face, as if he told it) he look'd with all the Marks of Anger and Despair; and immediately the
Coaches

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Coaches coming up, *Mademoiselle de Poitiers* got in, and *Chastillon* upon his Horse; so, taking their Leaves, follow'd the Court.

The Count *de St. Laurant*, and *Madame de St. Maure*, kept on their way; but with so strange an increase of Torment, that it even border'd upon Distraction.

Chastillon now began to suspect, that he was still in the wrong; and that the Course he was taking, was but making his Condition worse, by the Evennes that he perceiv'd in *Madame de St. Maure's* Countenance. Besides, he consider'd, he

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he had to do with a Woman, that had Pride enough to cure her Love, if she had any. Therefore, now he resolv'd to rest all his Hopes upon one Adventure; and, if it fail'd, to leave the World, and breath the remaining part of his unhappy Life in some unknown Retreat.

The Expedient that pleas'd him best, was once more to seek an Opportunity to speak to her; and to desire her, to tell him, as a Woman of Honour, If she had the least Thought for him, that cou'd tend to his Satisfaction.

He lost no time; but that
very

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very Night went to *Madame de St. Maure*; and having appointed a Boat to meet him at the foot of the Garden, he pass'd over the River into it, knowing her Husband was from Home, and that by this time the Count wou'd have left her, and that she her self wou'd perhaps become down into the Garden; and so he thought to have an Opportunity to speak to her. But when one considers the Extravagancy of the Undertaking, one may justly judge, he knew not what he thought. But however, Fortune so far helpt him, that it became the most lucky of all his Designs; and this last rash Stroak finished his Work: Like to that
excel-

LOVERS. 93

excellent Painter, who when by all his Art and Pains he cou'd not bring a Picture to his wonted Perfection, by rashly throwing of his Pencil at it, made it the rarest Piece he ever wrought.

He was scarcely enter'd the Garden, but he heard a Voice, towards which he went; and peeping through a sweet smelling Hedge, being set all round with *Woodbine* and *Jessamine*, saw the unfortunate Countess (sate in an Arbour) leaning upon her Arm: There hung over her Head a Canopy of Blossom'd *Woodbines*, held up by unseen Supports; and the Place was all set round with
Orange-

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Orange-Trees in Flowers : and
just by her, on a small Ascent,

* *A Water-Work.* * Cascade, which

was plac'd a large
not being allow'd
to shew its Waters but just a-
bove the Pipes, they fell gent-
ly murmuring down again up-
on the Stones.

He forbore approaching of
her, till he had stood, and
observed her, to see if he
could perceive any thing, on
which he might ground his
Hope, or might absolutely
confirm his Despair. He scarce
had stood a moment, but he
heard her give a Sigh, as if
she had yielded up her Soul;
and with a torrent of Tears,
cry'd

LOVERS. 95

cry'd out: Oh, cruel Love!
 all Powers but Thee reward
 their Votaries, and show'r a thou-
 sand Blessings upon those, who
 with most Zeal obey their Laws:
 But Thou, with cruelty beyond
 the Lion, or the Tygre, only
 for the sake of Slaughter, de-
 stroyest even those who best do
 serve Thee. With blind Devo-
 tion at thy Altars I have dai-
 ly offer'd up a thousand sighs,
 a thousand Tears, a thousand ten-
 der Thoughts, to please Thee:
 and in return, go seek through
 thy unhappy Empire, and tell
 me, if there be one so Wretch-
 ed as my self. Oh, Chastillon!
 Little dost thou think the Pains
 I bear: But, Alas! how canst
 thou, when thou dost not know
 I love

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*I love thee, nor never shalt ; or
if thou didst, what would it a-
vail, when thou art near thy dear
de Poitiers ?*

Chastillon was too much fir'd
with what he had heard, to
remain unobserv'd any longer:
But with all the Eagerness of a
Man, that was drawn from the
lowest Ebb of Despair, to the
Top of all his Hopes, threw
himself at her Feet. *Ah, Ma-
dame !* (said he) *be milder in
your Opinion of one, that more
than dies for love of you : And
don't believe, that he can doat
on Trash, when there is so much
Excellence as your self, for to at-
tract his Love.*

She

LOVERS. 79

She started up, and with a Face full of Confusion, and as much of Anger, as Love wou'd give her leave, replied :

Though you have, by a base Intrusion, heard me confess I Love; yet you shall have no other Advantage from it, but that it shall prove my Cure; for from this time, I will never speak to you more.

Chastillon, who only desired her to hear him, kneel'd down in the most submissive manner that cou'd be: To which (insensibly over-come) she consented; which was the first Ground her Love got upon
F her

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her Honour; and in those Fights he seldom gets the least Advantage, but he quickly beats the Other quite out of the Field.

Madame, (said he) that I have loved you ever since I saw you, Heaven, and St. Laurens can bear me witness; and with a Flame so tender of your Honour, that I ne'r told it to any but him, in whom I knew I might confide; and, not intending to have revealed it even to your self, I kept the swelling Passion labouring in my Bosome, till it quite destroy'd my Reason. Then having lost that chief Director of my Actions, I presumed to tell you of my Love, when

LOVERS. 99

when cruelly you turn'd away,
denying (as I thought) my Words
the least Accession to your Soul,
as if they came to violate that
Beauteous Shrine. Then again
to your Ears I offer'd my Un-
happy Love, when you doom'd
me to name it no more; or for
ever lose the Blessing of your
Conversation.

Then (distracted in my
Thoughts) I went; and fain'd a
Passion for Mademoiselle de
Poitiers; which I thought, if
you had the least tender Remem-
brance of me, wou'd kindle it
into Love: But when I saw,
that all this was no Advantage
to my Flame, by the Indifference
that I read in your Looks the o-
ther day; I then, thrown down
F 2 from

100 *The Unsatisfied*

from all that I cou'd call Happiness, resolv'd (like a losing Gamester, just upon his Ruine) to set all my Stock of Hope upon this last Cast ; which, if I lose, I swear by that unmeasur'd Love I bear you, never to converse with Mankind more ; but retire my self from that tedious Creature, and die alone.

As soon as he had spoke, she threw her self back in her Chair ; where she lay for a little while, without speaking : At length, she cry'd out :

Oh Honour ! Oh Love ! How do ye divide my Soul !

There

LOVERS. 101

There she lay for some time weeping, and sighing; by which she shew'd the Combate of her Mind.

Then afterward getting up, with a Voice more calm, she said:

Be witness, this Flood of Tears, how strongly my Honour argues in the Right of Duty: But Love does plead so powerfully for Thee, Chastillon, that I must own it to Thee; which thou should'st ne'r have known, hadst thou not thus press'd into my secret Thoughts.

He leapt up; and kissing her Hand, reply'd:

F 3

Those

102 The Unsatisfied

Those who are Mighty in Possessions, and are Masters of all their Wishes, are poor in Happiness, compared to me. When I hear you say, You Love, I am so Transported, methinks I have already left my Natural Dust behind me, and am in Heaven.

She seeing him in such an Extasie of Joy, said:

Moderate your self. Chastilion, and keep your Passion within the Rules of Vertue, and I will still permit it; for know, that I am Married; and I will rather die, than intrench one step farther on my Duty.

Ah,

LOVERS. 103

Ah, Madame! (said he) pardon the Extravagance of my Love; which as yet having known no Dwelling, but the dark Recesses of Despair, at the Approach of Glorious Happiness, is dazzled, and knows not what it does. But, Madame, fear not; for I will be more careful of your Honour, than I am of my own Life.

Then after a thousand Marks of Love, and Joy, she said to him:

St. Laurans, who knew of both our Loves, (for I also told him mine) discreetly, as I suppose, to break off what he perceiv'd mov'd so fast to both our Disadvantages, was unfaithful in
F 4
this,

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this, though otherwise the best of Friends; For he told me, You to his Knowledge loved another.

Oh Heavens! (said he) and he told me, That you to his certain knowledge Loved not me.

The Countess reply'd: He thought by a little Pain to have cured us both: But, Alas! he finds, by sad Experience, that Jealousie won't cure Love; for he parted just now from hence the most unhappy of Men: For seeing you to day alone with Mademoiselle de Poitiers, ———

Does

LOVERS. 105

Does he then admire her, said he?

Yes (reply'd the Countess); but he told me, He durst not tell his Love to you; for he was too much ashamed.

I wonder'd (said he) what made him so kind, to be so often at his Sisters? But now I find the Reason.

Dear Chastillon, (said she, interrupting him) though it be pain in me to desire it, yet I must beg of you to leave me, and let not our Indiscretion make us again Unhappy.

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Madame, (said he) I obey you, and return so bless'd above my Expectation, that as yet it seems but a Vision to me. Let me wait upon you to morrow, to confirm me it is true.

You may come, and dine with me, (said she) and bring St. Laurans with you; and I will contrive to have Mademoiselle de Poictiers.

Then, Madame, (said he) I will freely own to her, that all my Passion was but feign'd; and so we will leave St. Laurans, and Her, to agree it together.

Then

LOVERS. 107

Then after many Expressions of Love, much fuller of distracted Passion, than of Sense, they parted: She went into her Chamber, where we will leave her, though not without many Conflicts in her Mind; unsatisfy'd with what she had done, and yet pleas'd that she had done it.

He return'd back to *Paris*; and the first thing he did, he went to find out *St. Laurans*, who received him with an unwonted Coldness: He knew well enough the Reason; however he press'd him to tell him, what it was that fate so heavy upon his Mind, and seem'd to direct at him?

The

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The Count answer'd him:
You will not wonder at it, when I
shall tell you, That I am not only
so unhappy, as to be falln into the
Snarcs of Love; but that you (my
Friend) are, since you chang'd
your Love, become my Rival.

Chastillon smil'd, and said to
him: Think but how much it is
below the free and noble Nature
of a Man, to be subject to the
Weakness of a Woman; and then
cast her from thee.

The Count, remembering this
was the Advice that he had gi-
ven him before, said: 'Tis true,
I knew not Love, when I gave
thee this Advice.

Chastil-

LOVERS. 109

Chastillon wou'd not keep him any longer in suspense, but unfolded all the Mystery to him; and withal, told him of his Success with *Madame de St. Maure*; and accus'd him severely of his false Dealing: Which he excus'd by the same Reasons, that *Madame de St. Maure* had alleadg'd before; and promis'd to go with him to Morrow, to excuse himself also to her.

So *Chastillon* left him, and went home to Bed. But the *Court* was not in the least more satisfy'd; for the Disturbance of his Mind did not so much arise from *Chastillon's* Loving her, as the belief he had, that she

110 *The Unsatisfied*

she Lov'd him; which was not at all remov'd by what had been told him. But his Love being so far from cur'd, that it still increas'd, he resolv'd (in spite of her Unkindness) to try his Fate once more; believing, that *Chastillon's* leaving of her, might turn the Current of her Love on him.

Therefore he resolv'd to take the first Opportunity to renew his Addresses to her; which he unexpectedly found the next Day, (for *Chastillon* had told him nothing of her being there) while *Chastillon*, and the Countess were minding their own Affairs. *Mademoiselle de Poitiers*, who now found how things stood

LOVERS III

stood between *Chastillon*, and her, (for he had freely confess'd the Cheat he had put upon her) and finding that now there was no more hopes of him, receiv'd *St. Laurans's* Love; and was intrusted with the Secret of the Love there was between *Chastillon*, and the Countess of *St. Maure*.

From this time, tho' she was Coquette to the last Degree, and even Inconstant beyond her Sex; yet for a great while, she lov'd the Count *St. Laurans* with a violent Flame.

Thus they became each others Confidents, and as kind Instruments to promote each others

112 *The Unsatisfied*

thers Love. But, Alas! there wanted something yet to make this Union firm; for *Maiselle de Poitiers* retain'd still too much of her Old Humour, to enter into the Bonds of perfect Love: She still receiv'd the Courtship of all those who wou'd make it to her; and wou'd be pleas'd with the Admiration of all the contemned Fops of the Court; the pert, insipid, talking, dancing, dressing Fools, who doated upon any thing wou'd give them leave, were all welcom to her, and always about her: Which made the Count *St. Laurans* so uneasie, that he began to think, that unless she wou'd change her self in this, it wou'd be
the

LOVERS. 113

the best for him to try once more, if he could desist from loving of her; for still he thought, that Love and Hate were in his Power, when he was absent from her. But her sight soon convinc'd him of his Error; Besides, he had now greater Hopes than ever; it growing so insupportable to him, to hear every where those Creatures boasting of her Favours. So one time he came to her, and freely told her, how prodigal she had been of her Graces; insomuch, that it grew a great torment to him, to hear so many bragging of her kind Returns to their Services. At which she grew into a violent Anger; and told him, *That she had*

114 *The Unsatisfied*

had declared to him before, that tho' she permitted him to Love her, yet she wou'd never make him Master of her Actions.

That Reply rais'd the Count's Anger so much above his Love, that he swore, *Unless she wou'd quit that Humour, he wou'd never speak to her more:* And she, flinging away with a contemning Laugh, bad him keep his Word, if he cou'd.

This Carriage of hers had rais'd him into such a Fury, that he took so strong a Resolution, that for five Weeks he kept his Word. In all which time, when ere they met, they saluted each other with such a
sad

LOVERS. 115

sad Formality, as if they were
 passing by to go contrary ways
 to Execution. By this time she
 began to soften, and wou'd
 have submitted to any thing,
 but Speaking to him first. And
 to pass over that, she had no
 way but to pretend to *Madame*
de St. Maure, (who she knew,
 wou'd tell the *Count* again) that
 he, since their falling out, had
 ungenerously spoken basely of
 her. This she believ'd wou'd
 bring the *Count* to vindicate
 himself; and so they might
 make up all again. Which De-
 sign took to her Wish; for in
 few days, the *Court* going to
St. Cloud, where the *Count* and
Mademoiselle de Perriers went
 too with the *Dauphine-Queen*,
 he

116 *The Unsatisfied*

he went one day to *Paris*, to visit some Friends of his; and returning in the Evening back again, he walk'd very thoughtfully along those Walks, that borders upon the River, where he found *Mademoiselle de Poitiers* all alone, having slipped away from the other Maids that were walking above. As soon as she perceiv'd he saw her, she pretended to shun him; but he seeing it, went straight up to her: *Madame*, (said he) *I did not think you wou'd have held so injurious an Opinion of me, as to think, that I can rail at you, whom I love above my Life.*

She turn'd about hastily, and darting from her Eyes Rage
(instead

LOVERS. 117

(instead of Love) at him, brake out into these words: *Traitour, base, inhuman Man, shame of thy Sex, and Curse to me, who love thee! Think, how you drew me to it by a thousand Oaths and Promises, which (in a moment) for one rash Word, you have broke! By your delusive Arts, you led me to a high and slippery Precipice, then left me alone to fall head-long into my Grave. Now consider thy own Ingratitude, then blush to look upon me.*

Madame, (said he) 'tis only for those who are Guilty, to blush; but for me, who protest my self innocent of any thing either spoken, or thought against you: I can only tell you, That your Informa-

118 The Unsatisfied

formations have been all most notoriously false: And to shew, that what I say is true, here I swear and vow, never to love any but your self, if you will only condescend to my last Request: Which she (after much railing at his Ingratitude) yielded to; and withal, gave him much greater marks of her Love, than she had ever done before.

She went straight that night, and supp'd with *Madam de St. Maure*, to whom she told all that had pass'd; at which she extremely rejoyc'd; for she had been in great pain, lest the Breach between them, might be a means to publish her Love to *Chastillon*.

They

LOVERS. 119

They liv'd thus, and enjoy-
ed (for a great while undi-
sturb'd) the Sweets of Love;
and, as they thought, unob-
serv'd : But the continual fan-
tastical Quarrels, that happen'd
between the Count *de St. Lau-
rans*, and *Mademoiselle de Poi-
tiers*, were causes of much
Unhappiness to them all after-
wards ; for they gave occasion
to the World to search deeper
into their Actions ; and so to
perceive the Kindness, that
there was between *Chastillon*,
and the Countess *de St. Maure*.
For many People had been en-
deavouring to plumb the bot-
tom of both the Count *St. Lau-
ran's*, and *Mademoiselle de Poi-
tier's*

120 *The Unsatisfied*

five Weeks sadness; and especially those, who were concern'd on either side: Which was the Beginning of their insuing Troubles.

End of the First Part.

which

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2h.